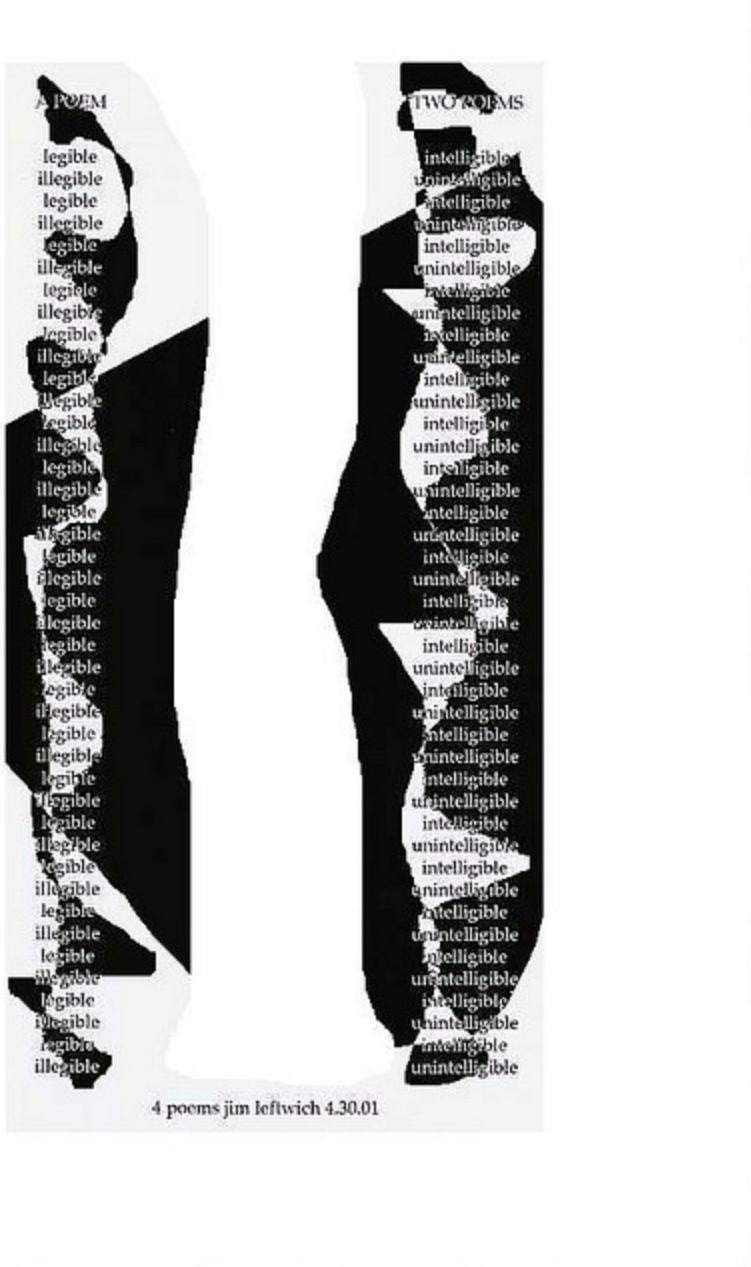


# THINGS MOST OF US WOULD THROW AWAY

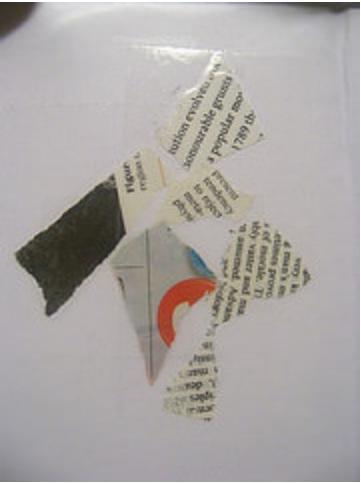
Jim Leftwich



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the handle of a broken coffee cup,



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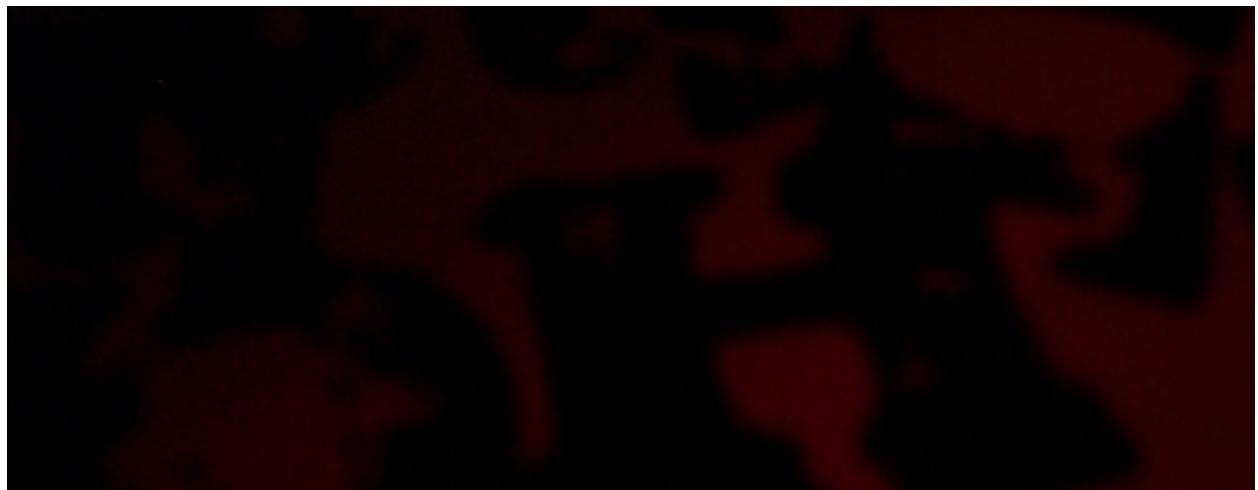
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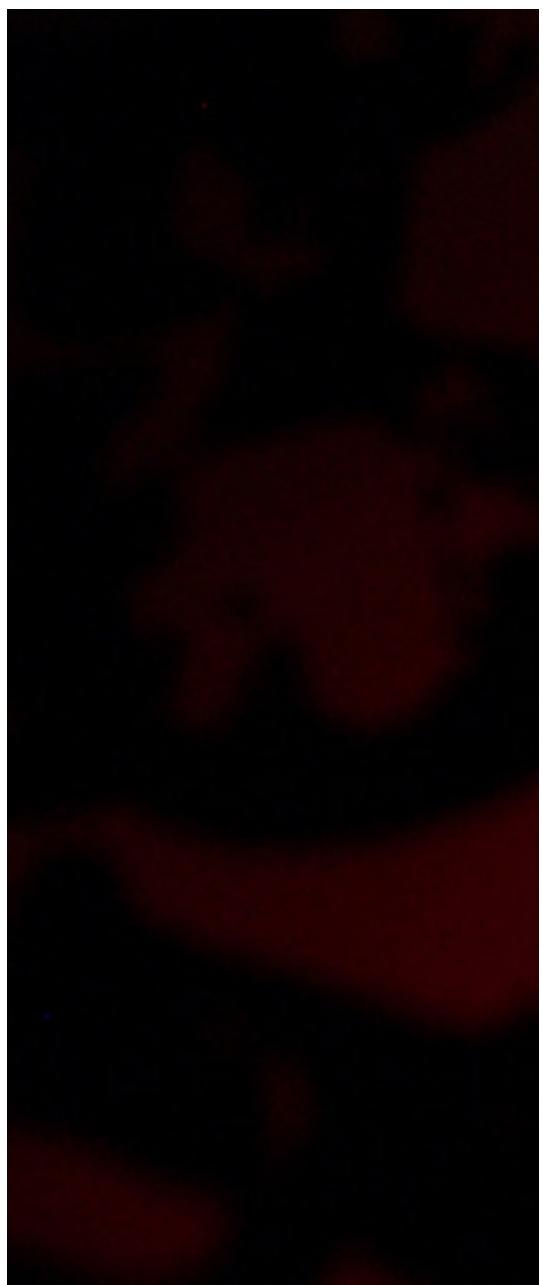


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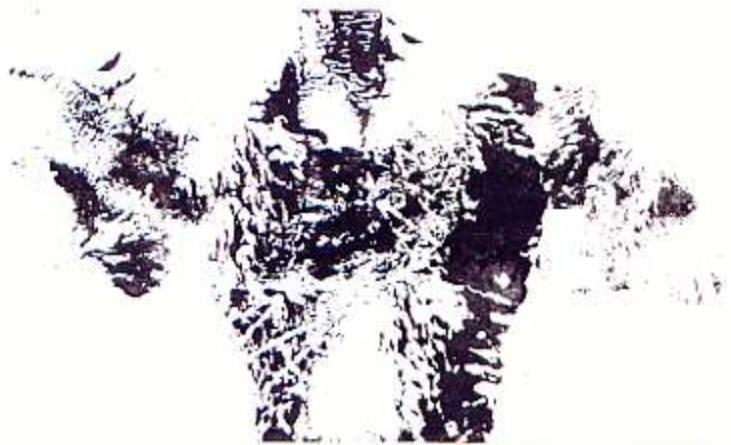


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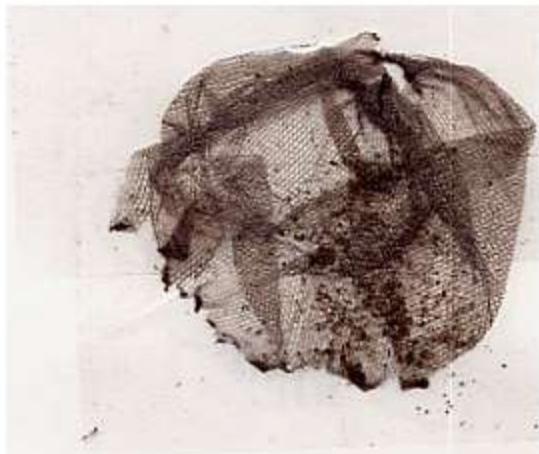
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blissed over come by knotted weather, the Will as courageously the work, the square displays thousands of zeros a second. Another pair of displaced figures latituded in the oval. What matters is that the latter is continuous with its extension. Evolve them within the passing of the catacombs. The mobility of a financial word. No doubt the averted will is a countenance of time. The journey is abroad, the coordinates already vigilant in somatic bankruptcy. It is a simple reende to the freedom of becoming. An occurrence anymore of forms broken in a universe of hoarded will, but in the liberalizing nature of thele. Doubt. The speed of liberation erases the exactitude of the form with its own motion. See a circular parallel to the universal movements of the wills, knots of life, in centrifugal sex, so that it might seize the icon of its inner bubble and be marked by the illness of becoming. An interment of the past. The past is a self-hypnotic membrane. The crowd of ideals serves the gravitated, in your head. A mutual shadowed reality, a secret game, the visit to the rooms of conjecture, as doubt is the Redguard's reflex of a new system, could return to you by another to the same, a number of implications. Under the ethereal table of the seances, which is the soul, a mournful totality of meaning about the chosen curve of a spiral credence, the elusive capacity of human aspiration, but this same destiny dies spent in the amorphous spectacle of speech. If the static word is made to wander a principal of doubtful intention, the curve of the will arises in decrepit wants, a face edited by climacter, antecedent to kinetic ache, an aversion to going against the numerical performance of the word. Time deflated by the century, a Platonic people besieged by the fever of farts, the festes rust in the abandoned abattoir, a political reality divided by recondite strifes, the floral doubt flowers around the eagle of the age, a surreal violence found in the haven of such clock, where the essential orbit deplete in the venereal growth.

ROANOKE VA USA  
2014